

IPHIGENIA,

A

TRAGEDY,

IN

FOUR ACTS

in Verse taken Part of.

OVIS

MDCCLXXXVII

IPHIGENIA

A

TRAGEDY



FOUR ACTS

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Over

WIDGELXXVII

The P R O L O G U E.

PROLOGUES no more are what of old they were;
 The writer speaks, and not the Character:
 They seem a preface to the piece, and thro' it
 You read the editor, and not the poet:
 Else had our Heroine, who names the Drama,
 Stept out at once——(perhaps or her mamma)
 Proclaim'd her titles, lineage, and her name,
 Her native land, from whence, and why she came.
 These things you'll hear her in due time relating,
 But take the Gazettes of the day, thus stating,
 "All *Greece* and *Troy* were by the ears,
 "And Gods beat up for volunteers."
 The rendezvous at *Aulis* was decreed,
 To muster names, and fix the plan agreed:
 (As Fleets now station at the *Isle of Wight*,
 And then sail outward when the winds are right)
 And here this mighty Armament was moor'd,
 With chariots, armour, steeds, and forage stor'd.
 Nor powder then, nor cannon yet was known,
 Or one Campaign had levell'd *Ilion's* town.
 Mean-time to speed their passage o'er the flood,
 The Gods, 'twas said, requir'd a Virgin's blood.
 In that dark age, with superstition fraught,
 Ere truth or knowledge aided human thought,
 Dæmons, or forgeries by *Delphos'* crew,
 Rul'd all the world, except a chos'n few:
 (For sacred writ, and heathen authors speak
 At this same time of *Jephthah*, and the *Greek*.)

* Two lines from *Prior's Alma*.

In days enlighten'd now by rays divine,
 No tender infant burns at *Moloch's* shrine:
 But, since from pagan errors freed, we fly
 From gross belief to incredulity,
 And think all ancient history a lie:
 Yet savage nations still such rites maintain,
 And sooth their Gods with human victims slain,
 For *Homer's* sake the weak attempt forgive,
 When *Troy's* fam'd chiefs in English scenes revive.
 From the great *Iliad* is deriv'd our theme,
 Our youth's delight, and still our age's dream.
 If manners, language, colouring, passions fall,
 Alas! how far beneath th' original;
 If *Peleus'* son stript of his might appear,
 His radiant helm, and his celestial spear,
Patroclus only could support that load,
 (Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God)
Patroclus fail'd——the modern muse is left
 Of former helps, and fancy'd pow'rs bereft:
 Fiction is vanish'd, oracles are dumb,
 And Gods and Goddeses a jest become.
 Yet passions, nature, truth, unchang'd remain,
 O'er ev'ry breast an equal sway maintain;
 Through ev'ry clime, through ev'ry age the same,
 They breathe in *Shakespear*, glow'd in *Homer's* flame.
 Our author now, with mingl'd hopes and fears,
 Entreats your Clemency, if not your tears.

SCENE,

SCENE. GREECE. AFRICA.

CHARACTERS introduced in this Drama.

AGAMEMNON	W.
ACHILLES	
CHALCIBUS	
ULYSSSES	
MELEAGER	
PATROCLUS	
IDIUS	

SCENE the GRECIAN CAMP at AULIS.

CHARACTERS introduced in this DRAMA.

AGAMEMNON.

CLYTEMNESTRA

ACHILLES.

IPHIGENIA

CHALCHAS.

IPHIS

ULYSSES.

SOLDIERS.

MENELAUS.

PRIESTS.

PATROCLUS.

ATTENDANTS, &c.

IDÆUS.



I P H I G E N I A.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Grecian Camp, with a prospect of the fleet in the port of Aulis, and at a distance the Temple of Diana.*

Enter Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Agam. **B** Rother, you know not what a father feels,
Or thus you would not argue.

Men.

Brother, you

Glow not with sense of injuries like mine.

Rage and revenge, dishonour on all sides,

The public insult, and the private wrong

Goad my hot breast incessant with their stings,

Then oft as anger melts, my passions ebb,

And grief flows in with softer images,

While thoughts of perish'd happiness arise.

Thus raging ever with distemper'd mind,

In a tormenting round I drag my being

Through sleepless nights, and each unhappy day.

Fain would I oft delude myself awhile,

And fondly think she stays against her will,

Constrain'd by force——withheld perhaps by shame,

Her Mænia's, those few faithful, who oppos'd

The ravisher——and those, who saw her last,

Attest with what reluctance she went hence,

And

And heard her call on *Menelaus* oft,
As the light galley flew before the breeze.

Agam. I would not undeceive you——love her still,
And think her faithful ev'n in *Paris'* arms.

Let *Greece*, combining in your cause, send forth
Her kings, her heroes, and embattl'd hosts——

Encamp whole years beneath the walls of *Troy*,
And spill the blood of nations to manure
The barren plains of *Ida*——

All for a single Woman!

Men.

To redeem

The publick honour, and a monarch's bride.

Th' offence was yours——is ev'ry one's,——and all
Are bound t'avenge it by the common league.

My palace plunder'd——and my household Gods,

My gold, my slaves——born off at dead of night,

Rich vessels fam'd for workmanship, and us'd

By kings of old in Sacrifice——the Crown

Of *Atræus*——thefts like these I speak not of.

But——oh!——one loss beyond my kingdom's worth,

For her dear mind was purer than her hue

Of heavenly tint upon that face of hers,

Till this foul Robber came——this smiling villain,

With curst intent——and spoil'd my inmost dwelling

Of its sweet inmate——did it in my absence,

Or his base blood had smoak'd upon my sword,

And all his follow'rs, whelm'd beneath the tide,

With their gay vessel now had strow'd our sands.

If calls of justice, and a brother's wrongs

Demand no vengeance, nor excite your pity,

Throw wide your gates——invite all *Priam's* sons,

And lead them to your coffers, and your bed;

Give every rover in our ports a welcome,

And

And let all shame and publick faith be o'er.

Agam. No more ; the *Greeks* approach, complain to them ;
Consult what best may serve the publick weal ;
Descant on this alone, nor heed ought else.

Men. Remember, you're the Parent of your People
Think what you've sworn to do ;—think of your greatness ;
Survey the encampment stretch'd along the shore,
Then view yon navy too that owns your sway,
The strength, the boast, the terror of the world :
Shall these behold your weakness ?——

Agam. Oh ! no more.

Enter Achilles, Chalcas, Patroclus, and others.

Achil. Why wait we here ?——let us return again,
Each to his home, his country, and his friends.
Forget the vows of vengeance, and renounce
The thoughts of conquest, and the fall of *Troy*.
Let *Paris* live triumphant in deceit,
Possess his happy bride a length of years ;
Or, tir'd of her, launch out his winged bark
To visit *Greece* once more——*Ulysses'* Queen,
Or *Agamemnon's* daughter may attract
His notice then, and crown the next adventure.
But who will lift again beneath your banners ?
Shall we a second time forsake our homes,
Select our friends, draw forth the flow'r of youth,
To train in arms——lay bare our mountain tops,
And drive the groaning *Dryads* from their haunts,
To form your fleet ?——meantime your country grieves,
No matter how, the cities are defenceless,
Our towns unpeopl'd, and our lands untill'd.
And came we here to die thus in our tents,
And glut the fish at *Aulis* with our troops ?
Or, surfeiting with ease——invite disease,

B

Forget

Forget our arms——and wherefore first we arm'd;
 Quaff *Pramnion* wines——invoke the jolly God
 And bask along the shore——
 Dissolv'd in sloth——intemperance——and riot?
 Or meet we now at length but to debate
 Among ourselves awhile.——Conclude on nothing
 Then turn our backs upon an enterprize,
 So nobly——justly——and so boldly plann'd—
 The call of honour, and the cause of *Greece*?

Agam. What would ye more? Is not *Ulysses* gone
 Upon this fatal errand——
 To tear a princess from her mother's arms,
 And lead her here devoted to destruction?
 For so the Gods require!——so *Chalcas* says,——
 And he's your oracle!——

Patro. The Priest has said it.
 Th' event conspires with what the priest has said,
 But who can strive with fate?——Our princely leader
 With-holds not what we ask——
 But stifles nature in his aching bosom;
 Yields up the treasures of domestick love,
 Destroys the prospect of increasing joys,
 To serve the common weal.

Achil. Whence this delay?
 Each day, we're told, the damsel will be here;
 The sun goes down without her wish'd arrival;
 The morrow comes, and our suspense remains.
 But, *Chalcas*, say, will nothing else suffice,
 No less an offering than our monarch's daughter?
 Whole hecatombs shall send a smoke to heav'n;
 A thousand sheep that graze *Theffalia's* plain,
 The wealth of all our valleys shall be brought,
 And sacrific'd at *Aulis*——if such gifts

Can win the angry goddess to relent——
 And gain a breeze to spread our swelling sails.
 Stand forth, I say, thou minister of heav'n,
 And speak aloud——secure in my protection.

Agam. Whence comes his knowledge of *Diana's* will?
 Has *Jove* to him, and him alone reveal'd
 The councils of the sky?——Is fate's large volume
 Unroll'd to him,——and shut to all beside?
 Can flight of birds, or entrails of the slain
 Explain the God's decree?——Shall dreams or omens,
 And dotard priests——

Chal. Ye kings of *Greece* give ear,
 And chiefly thou, the ruler of our hosts,
 Attend me, whilst unwilling I repeat
 The fatal cause of evils yet to come.
 When first your troops assembl'd here in *Aulis*,
 A lawless band with uncheck'd violence,
 Unheeded by their leaders, rush'd abroad:——
 Dwellings were plunder'd, temples were profan'd;
 Force, rapine, fury, sacrilege, and murder
 Scar'd the distracted land,——and cries of woe
 Resounded every where;——the holy fane
 That overlooks yon cliff, for ages reverenc'd,
 And built, when mortals first were taught to worship
 The maiden queen, who shares with her great brother
 The glorious lights on high——
 That sacred temple felt your violence,
 With shameless profanation——
 A hapless virgin, who sought shelter there,
 And clung for safety round the hallow'd image,
 Was torn from thence——her shrieks and lamentations
 Had mov'd barbarians in a place less holy.
 In vain the parents of the injur'd maid,

In vain the priestess of the insulted pow'r,
 Yourself remember, sued to you for aid,
 And to restore the damsel—but her death,
 (Which follow'd soon) forbids her restitution,
 Yet cancels not her wrongs, which now bring down
 The heav'nly wrath—Can it be otherwise?
 Ye sons of violence, you talk of justice,
 And while you arm in vengeance of a rape,
 (Perhaps a willing one) you here commit
 A like offence, with circumstance more heinous.

Agam. Can I be present ev'ry where, like *Jove*,
 To curb the wild licentiousness of robbers,
 Escap'd abroad——
 Raw, heady, fierce, untractable, unaw'd——
 New to command, in discipline untaught——
 That scarc'ly own subjection to their leaders?
 And shall the first-born offspring of my house
 Bleed for the crime of ruffians? Must my child,
 My *Iphigenia*, die for the offence
 Of others, not of me?

Chal. Your vessels else
 Must rot in *Aulis*' harbour, or take root
 Amid the waters——like that ship which bore
Bacchus to *Nisa*, when th'affrighted crew,
 Transform'd to Dolphins, leapt into the deep
 Before th'avenging god.——Expect like wonders
 For your impiety;——mean-time no breeze
 Shall fan the elements——diseases, plagues,
 And deaths impend, and soon through yonder camp
 Will fly from man to man——ev'n while I speak
 The stagnant æther teems with pestilence.
 Your num'rous hosts shall glut the fowls of air
 And hungry dogs——till *Hector*, with a smile,
 Shall turn from your thin ranks, and sheath his sword

In

In scorn of such a foe——

Achil.

Peace—I charge thee.

Agam. We want no priests to clear up this ænigma,
When quick'ning gales refuse their chearful aid,
And nature pants beneath a sultry sky,
Our strength will droop, and sickness must ensue:
What need of oracles to tell us this?

Patro. But see, *Ulysses* comes—with him expect
The means of reconciliation with the Gods;
The cruel means requir'd——relentless pow'rs.

Agam. I dread to see him, and still more my child!

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyf. The queen and princess now are in the camp,
My task is o'er—I've brought the victim here,
Unknowing of her doom. The tender mother,
Deceiv'd by me, consented to her coming.
What arts I us'd, by what deceit I wrought
My fatal wile——you shall be told at leisure.

Agam. Was there no way to lull their apprehensions,
And bring the daughter here without the mother?

Ulyf. I urg'd the length and danger of the way;
But durst no further risque your queen's displeasure,
Left ought should lead her to suspect the truth.
Will you not go and welcome their arrival?
I've lodg'd them in your tent.

[*Agamemnon and Ulysses talking together.*]

Achil.

Now perish *Troy*!

The maiden's death shall expiate our guilt,
And speed our passage to *Scamander's* bank.
Methinks already I in thought survey
The army landed, and the fight begun——
Th' opposing town sends forth a host of men,
Chariots, and steeds, and all the pomp of war,

With

With glitt'ring banners from the furthest east.
 I see my rival in the ranks appear.
 Fam'd *Hector's* lance meets mine—my frame's on fire!
 Hear, mighty *Jove*, and grant my soul's desire!
 To gain the conquest o'er my hated foe,
 And lay this tyrant of the nations low:
 That deed atchiev'd, I ask of fate no more,
 Nor strive to shun th' inevitable hour;
 A willing ghost, I'll quit this earthly scene,
 But let me perish as the first of men! [Exeunt.]

The Scene changes to Agamemnon's Tent.

Enter Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, and attendants.

Clytem. At length we've reach'd the camp; and long
 fatigue
 Is lost in thought of meeting whom we love——
 And see the king——

Enter Agamemnon.

Iphig. [running up to him] My father!—O my mother,
 Be not displeas'd that I prevent your haste,
 And snatch the first fond kiss.

Clytem. My *Agamemnon*, to behold your face
 We've travell'd far, through tedious desert ways,
 O'er barren sands and mountains—but 'tis o'er;
 And I once more embrace my *Agamemnon*.
 How fares my royal lord?

Agam. My queen, you're come
 From soft retreats of woman's peaceful home;
 You have exchange'd the splendour of a palace
 For tented dwellings, and the soldier's fare
 In noisy camps, ill-fitting such a guest.

Clytem. Not so, my lord; we're come to share your glory;
 To see surrounding nations yield you homage,
 And leagu'ing monarchs take command from you.

My

My heart claims share in all my husband's fame,
 And feels its greatness in my *Agamemnon's*.
 Why grudge my pleasures, when deriv'd from you?
 You look not glad——a wife perhaps intrudes,
 And draws your mind from thoughts of more concern,
 And those high cares to which the Gods have call'd you.

Agam. My *Clytemnestra* never comes unwelcome.
 'Tis true my charge is great to rule, to guide
 So vast an army, and so many chiefs,
 With clashing councils, and contending wills,
 And plan my orders to content them all.
 'Tis hence I'm troubl'd—though I see you here.

Clytem. Dismiss the warrior, and appear to us
 The father and the husband——look not sad.
 Hither we came with other expectations
 Of joy and love, and hymeneal rites——
 Where is this man renown'd above mankind,
 As fame reports, with such endowments grac'd,
 And favour'd by the Gods with all their gifts?
 But he shall bless the powers for his rare lot,
 Wedding with her—this other boast of *Greece*,
 As wondrous in her sex, our common pride,
 As our delight, my lord.——In her I joy,
 And joy that she's our child——for she's so perfect
 In goodness, as in form, that I love you
 The more for her, and her again the more
 For being yours——nay, blush not, *Iphigenia*.

Agam. [*Aside.*] How am I curs'd!——what once was my
 delight
 Now wrings my heart——would I could love her less,
 Or knew the way to save her!——yet I must
 Dissemble still——

Clytem. But say, my lord, when was this contract made!
 For

For nothing was imparted by *Ulysses*,
 But your command for her immediate marriage,
 Zeal for her welfare and your will at once
 Induc'd a prompt compliance on our part,
 And wing'd us here regardless of the distance,
 And perils on the way—but now fatigu'd,
 Let me repose within your tent awhile.

Agam. Command, my queen, such welcome as a camp
 Affords for your reception.——*Iphigenia!*

[*Exit Clytemnestra.*

[*He looks tenderly at Iphigenia as she is going
 out with her mother.*]

Iphig. O 'tis long time since I beheld your face;*
 Pardon my weakness, but the joy to see you
 O'ercomes my heart, and fills my eyes with tears.
 Still you are sad; my lord, you turn away.

Agam. O my lov'd child!—it is for thee thy father
 Appears perplex'd—my thoughts are all on thee.

Iphig. My gracious lord!—sure some good fortune waits
 me,

By you contriv'd to show your fondness still;
 For so my mother told me as we came.

Agam. Alas, my child! the good or ill of life
 Rests in the Gods, and waits at their disposal.

Iphig. Thus was I always taught; but they are gracious;
 And sure my youth has not offended heav'n:
 Then what have I to fear!—and since with you
 I can fear nothing, safe in your protection.

Agam. Indeed thy father should be thy protector,
 Thy shield, thy guard from all approaching harm;
 And yet——

Iphig.

* This Scene between *Agamemnon* and his daughter is chiefly a translation from *Euripides*.

Iphig. You seem disturb'd—'twere best that I withdraw.

Agam. My joy, my only joy is while I see thee,
And hear thee talk——thou shalt not go from hence.
Stay then awhile——this hour is yet my own.

Iphig. A tear falls down your cheek. Are you not well?
You smile upon me now——I will talk on;
Let me say ought to gain another smile.

Agam. My child, speak on——thy ev'ry word delights
me.

Oh! I could always hear thee;——would I might!
I shall betray myself if I say more. [*Aside.*]

Iphig. O my lov'd sire, might you remain with us,
Would honour suffer it, how blest were we!
But since you must away, what stops your voyage?
Why wait those vessels there that hide the ocean
Far as my sight can reach o'er yonder port?

Agam. An unforeseen misfortune keeps us here.
Much yet remains before the fleet can sail.

Iphig. Alas! what evils spring from direful war,
How far from hence is the fam'd Trojan town?
Must I attend ~~my~~ ^{the} husband to the field?
I'll follow chearful, and refuse no danger
Which you command, and which my Lord requires.

Agam. Thy virtue shortly shall encounter perils
That ask thy courage, and thy patience too:
Thy father too requires thee to submit.

Iphig. Shall my dear mother go along with me?
Or must we part——perhaps to meet no more?
Yet, should *Achilles* prove unkind to me,
Your presence still will soften my distress.

Agam. Alas! thy destiny is fix'd to go
Far from thy father,——from thy mother far!

Iphig. Perhaps *Achilles* then will send me hence

To distant lands,——forgot as soon as wedded !
 But I've not seen him yet.——Why comes he not
 To seek his bride ?——Is this a lover's haste ?

Agam. Patience, my child, thou shalt be told anon.
 Retire a while.

Iphig. Be not displeas'd at ought that I have said.
 ————— May the Gods
 In all befriend you still !——may prosp'rous winds
 Waft you to *Troy*——and conquest wait you there !
 Soon may you, charg'd with spoils, return triumphant
 Home to your Queen, your country, and your children,
 And peaceful days renew their wonted calm !
 Heav'n only knows what may become of me
 E'er that good time arrives——but prosper thou,
 Prosper the common weal, the cause of *Greece*,
 And let the fates dispose of *Iphigenia* ! [*Exit.*

Agam. [*after a short pause*] Her words are oracles——
 whate'er she says
 Is ominous, as if by heav'n's direction.
[*Exit out of the tent.*

END of ACT the First.

ACT II.

SCENE, a Tent.

Enter Clytemnestra and an Attendant.

Clytem. YOU say you saw him then—he heard my
message.

Achilles, sure, will not refuse to come
When summon'd to his bride—I wonder much
That he delays so long—Where'er I move
Something mysterious lurks in all I see.
The King receiv'd me not with wonted welcome;
He seem'd confus'd, and troubl'd at our sight;
He turn'd away when *Iphigenia* spoke;
Her harmless prattle could beguile his mind.
Once in the sternest mood—but soft, who comes?
I see a youth of noble mien advance—

Attend. Madam, Achilles.

Clytem. Call my virgins round me;
'Twere most unfitting to stand here expos'd,
† Thus in a stranger's view, without my women.

Enter several female attendants.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. By her majestic look 'tis *Clytemnestra*. [*Aside.*
Say, lovely nymphs, do here my eyes behold
Our sov'reign's Queen?—if so—my earliest homage
Greets her arrival in the camp.

Clytem. 'Tis well.
I see, young Prince, your manners and appearance

C 2

Accord

† See *Homer's Odyssey*, where *Penelope* acts in this manner on a like occasion.

Accord with fame's report ; and I rejoice
 To wed my child with such auspicious omens,
 Though in the midst of warlike preparations,
 When frightened peace, glad Hymen's best associate,
 Is exil'd hence——and leaves to *Mars* the charge
 Of human race——to earth's remotest bounds
 The phrenzy spreads, and old and young together,
 From ancient *Nestor* to each stripling swain,
 Forsake their homes, and crowd beneath your banner.

Achil. What breast so cold, but beats in such a cause,
 For wrongs like those your injur'd house sustains !

Clytem. But I must blush both for my sex, and one
 So near in blood, that kindles these disorders.
 Alas, for *Greece* ! what slaughter shall ensue
 From *Helen's* crime !——yet all are not like her—
 Your *Iphigenia*, Sir,——your Bride.

Achil. What mean you ?

Clytem. Let her appear. [to her attendants.]

———Call hither straight my daughter.
 You've not beheld her yet.

Achil. Madam, if 'tis for me you mean this Bride,
 I must refuse the blessing that you tender.
 (Truth and plain dealing are the soldier's marks)
 For me——should *Venus* to my choice appeal,
 (As late to *Paris* on Mount *Ida's* top,
 When naked Goddesses for beauty strove)
 I would disdain the wanton, and her gifts——
Minerva is my Goddess——and a wife,
 At best, impedes the mind in its pursuits.

Clytem. What is't you say ?——was then my child
 brought here
 To be rejected on her wedding-day
 With publick scorn ?——Why did *Ulysses* urge

To

To speed our journey with such haste for *Aulis*?
I will depart this hour. The *Grecian* army
Shall not prevent my going hence this night.

Enter Iphigenia.

Iphig. What has befallen—say, Madam, is all well?
You seem disturb'd—have foes surpriz'd the camp?
Does danger threaten?—Is my father safe?
Where is he now?

Clytem. Thy husband there disowns thee—
Nor know I what thy father has intended—
Or why he sent for us—and is there ought
In her to raise averſion?—There ſhe ſtands—
Look at her well—Why ſeem you thus amaz'd?

[*Turning to Achilles, who continues gazing earneſtly on Iphigenia.*]

Let us away.

Achil. You in your turn amaze me.

Yet go not, Madam—beauteous *Iphigenia*.

Clytem. Prepare my chariots. I will go this inſtant.
We've ſtay'd too long already—but, young man,
Think, 'tis the daughter of your King you ſlight.
Shall ſhe be mock'd, inſulted thus?

Achil. She ſhall not—

She needs no monarch to revenge her wrongs,
She claims the gen'ral love of all mankind
Where'er ſhe goes—of me—of ev'ry one.
O pardon, Lady, that I knew you not—
If you be *Iphigenia*, lovely maid,
Let me entreat your pardon, and yours, Madam,
If I've in ought unknowingly offended.
It cannot, muſt not be, that ſhe ſhould die
Thus young, thus beautiful, and innocent!

And

And sure the Gods will never ask a victim
 Like her to stain their altars !—— [Aside.
 O look on me, sweet maiden, turn your eyes
 Again this way——behold in me your husband,
 Your lover from the moment I beheld you——
 I never found one worthy to be lov'd,
 Nor knew, nor felt what beauty was till now.

Clytem. What turn is this !—— the seas, the winds are
 constant

Compar'd to you——rash, hot, impetuous man !
 Why was you first offended at a marriage
 Yourself had sought ?——for not unsought she came ;
 She came not here obtruded on your choice.

Achil. [to *Iphigenia*] Let me obtain one look of kind
 forgiveness !

When you shall hear what further I've to tell you,
 (As soon I will anon——yet now I must not——)
 You'll pardon all ; so will your royal mother.

Clytem. You, who are now enamour'd of your bride,
 May the next hour repulse her with disdain,
 As veering passion or caprice may prompt.

Achil. Madam ; once more, there is a fatal secret,
 Which you will know too soon——

Clytem. The Sphynx herself was less perplex'd than you.
 I can discern no cause for your behaviour,
 But fickle judgment, and a changeful heart.

Achil. You judge too hastily——

Clytem. My reason tells me
 What I should think of you——

Achil. But you, fair Princess——

Clytem. Heed not his flatteries——could we forget
 Your late affront, this passion were too sudden.

——O my child,

Wed

Wed not with such a man.———

Iphig. Behold, what crowds are moving on this way ;
A train of Priests, as in procession, go :
Around the soldiers pour upon their steps.
Yon lofty structure, with surrounding columns,
Is *Dian's* fane——— perhaps some sacrifice
Is now preparing for the Virgin Queen,
Chaste Goddess of the night———shall we attend
And join in the solemnity ?———

Achil. Sweet Maid,
Withdraw from hence. 'Tis fatal to stand here.
Avoid their sight———let me conduct you both
Into my tent———where danger dares not come.
At least retire from view———while I stand here,
And wait their coming———O my love, retire !
Here will I stand at your tent-door, and watch,
Your safe-guard and protector.———

Iphig. Sir, make known
The threaten'd dangers which perplex us so———
Explain the myst'ry, which, at once reveal'd,
May clear your honour, and relieve our fears.
The throng draws nearer———let us hence, my mother.

Clytem. I fear some horrid secret———I will strait
Seek out the King, and from his lips be told
The matter of these things———and their concern.
Yet can I fear no evil in a place,
Where all is ours, and *Agamemnon* rules :
And, hitherto, success has crown'd his arms.
Let us avoid the crowd that presses here.

Anon I'll see you, Prince———mean-time adieu !

[*Exeunt Clytemnestra and Iphigenia into their tent.*

Manet Achilles, with his sword drawn.

Enter

Enter Chalcas and Priests, speaking to his followers.

Chal. Wait my return, my friends—the royal tent
And women claim respect——attend at distance.

[*Seeing Achilles.*]

Prince, I applaud your zeal——true, faithful son
Of Greece, thou lineal offspring of the Gods!
And, this life past, thou shalt be rank'd with Gods
That claim our worship here; next *Mars* himself
Thou sure wilt sit enthron'd in heaven's abode.
For *Hercules* thy name shall leave behind.
The fall of *Troy*——

Achil. May cost the *Greeks* much blood
Before the siege begins.

Chal. But hark the blast
That bears destruction to the tow'rs of *Troy*.
This hour lets loose the winds from their four quarters,
To shake the lofty city from its basis:
For, lo, the fleet, long lingering at *Aulis*,
Shall sail to-morrow with a fresh'ning breeze,
The sea shall whiten with our parting oars——
And heav'n appeas'd——

Achil. By barb'rous expiations.

Chal. Why waste I words?——the means are in our
hands,
Within this tent——lead out the royal maid;
Lead to the temple strait, where all's prepar'd.

Achil. Think of the damsel's innocence and youth.

Diana's self is not more fair, more chaste.
Consult your art again, find out some other,
Some fitter victim——or at least delay
The sacrifice, if only till to-morrow.

Chal. To-morrow!——whence this backwardness in you?
The troops are clamorous, the Princes wait.

The

The King but now commanded me to fetch
 The victim, as requir'd!——
 While he's withdrawn to shun a spectacle
 Too terrible for nature!——
 Before the chiefs, assembled on the shore,
 (This more than King, the father of his people,
 Who masters his affections)——
 Awhile he silent stood——
 He strove to speak——he pointed to this tent——
 He paus'd awhile——
 Again he pointed here——then turn'd away——
 And sudden disappear'd.——
 The *Grecians* gaz'd in silence on each other,——
 But none durst follow him,——when looking round,
 We saw him walking on the lonely beech
 At distance, near yon promontory's side,
 With hasty steps, as if to shun himself.
 'Twere best the deed were in his absence done,
 And thus *Ulysses*, counsell'd.——Let me enter.

Achil. You shall not enter here. One step is death——
 Nor shall you have the victim you demand
 To grace your cruel rites.——She is my wife.
 Go to the *Greeks*——report to them my answer.

Chal. Does *Greece* then find a rebel in *Achilles*?
 Resume yourself——what sudden change is this?
 You that disdain'd all women till this moment.——
 Away!——the sack of *Troy* shall yield you store
 Of royal captives, and the choice of beauty.

Achil. Whence came it first that priesthood should usurp
 This strange authority o'er human minds?
 Shall man, the worshipper of what he frames,
 The graven image that is set on high,
 Made of the dross we tread beneath our feet,

(To which we bend, we kneel, and look for aid,
And sacrifice our offspring, if you bid us)
Shall he———

Th' enslaver and deceiver of his fellows,
Interpreter, as he lifts, the Gods' decree,
And feign at will the oracles of *Jove*?
Hear me, ye Kings and rulers of the earth,
Shake off this yoke,———
Impos'd by Priests on ignorance and fear!

Chal. But to prevent a tumult in the camp,
I now forbear, in honour of our Goddess,
T'avenge the blasphemies thy tongue has utter'd,
And call the pow'rs of *Greece* to my assistance.
Proud King of *Thessaly*, thy strength, thy valour,
Those great endowments, which thou vaunt'st so highly,
Were given thee by the Gods,———
Nor shall avail thee

But as the Gods direct.———I see contention
And strife more fatal than the sword of *Hector*———
And more the foe shall thank thee than thy country.
Oh!—what is man, if pride pervert his heart,
And he defies the Gods!—without whose aid
The boaster is as nothing.———He shall end
In dust as he begun. [Exit Chalcas.]

Achil. [after a pause] My reason tells me
All this without a Monitor,———
And hourly wants inform me what I am.
Could I forget myself, thirst, hunger, cold,
And natural ills, which life with-holds from none,
Would soon bring back conviction of my weakness.

* * * * *

But, oh!——the Gods, those blessed, heav'nly spirits,
They

They want not blood of bulls to stain their altars,
 Nor flesh of goats their hunger to assuage.
 The world is theirs—the earth—and all therein—
 And worship paid in thanks is all from us
 That's ask'd, or we can give—not sacrifice,
 But grateful homage from a heart devout.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Much less will human victims slain in temples
 Delight great *Jupiter*——far otherwise——
 The God delights in mercy to his creatures,
 As nature's works attest——all nature shows.
 Thus *Chiron* once in lessons taught my youth,
 Discourfing of the Gods——and oft with hymns
 (From *Orpheus* learnt) he clos'd his moral tale.
 When ev'ning mild invited us abroad
 To martial sports, the body's exercise,
 I rose unwilling from the sage's lore,
 So much he won attention——though my skill,
 And strength superior, ev'n in earliest years,
 In ev'ry trial crown'd me with applause
 Beyond my comrades——did we bend the bow,
 Or whirl the spear, or guide the rapid steed.
 (For thoughts of glory then inspir'd my soul,
 And dreams of conquest, and of distant *Troy*.)

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Yet still my mind reveres the wondrous truths,
 Nor heeds the priest, and fabling oracle.

[*Exit Achilles.*]

D 2

END of ACT the Second.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Tent of Agamemnon.*

Enter Iphigenia and Iphis.

Iphig. MY gentle friend be near me, for I seem
As one awaken'd from a fearful dream :
With senses yet confus'd, I turn to you,
To question where I am, and what's befall'n,
Scarce knowing what to credit.

Iphis. [weeping, and hanging on her arm] Dearest Lady!

Iphig. Hither this morn I came a royal bride;
Admir'd, caress'd, the darling of my parents,
Sought for in marriage by the first of men,
And now the vision's chang'd, and I must die——
Yet know not why——but for no fault of mine.
My father too has doom'd me!——Oh! ye pow'rs!
The kindest, fondest, and the best of fathers——

* * * * *

Iphis. 'Tis surely strange——but think you that *Achilles*
Will lose you thus?——will see you led to death,
And slaughter'd like a victim from the flock!
How did he swear but now to make you his,
In spite of *Greece*, the Priest, and Oracle.

Iphig. If heav'n requires my death——his aid is
nothing——

But, *Iphis*, to my simple apprehension
'Tis strange that heav'n should ask the sacrifice
Of one who ne'er offended——

Iphis.

Iphis. Innocence,
Like yours, could ne'er offend ;——but wherefore thus
Will you wait here, nor strive to fly from death ?

Iphig. How can I 'scape from danger ?——show the
means,

And I will seek my safety. Death is terrible
To one so young,——and life has many joys.

Iphis. This very minute then we'll fly together.
The camp once pass'd, we may escape to *Argos*.
Your father now is absent from his tent ;
Here none will dare to stop us,——and your mother,
Trust to her love, she will devise some tale
That may delude the search of our pursuers.
The woods, the mountains will afford us shelter
Till the pursuit be o'er.——We'll feed on berries,
Drink the pure stream that issues from the rock,
And sleep beneath a spreading oak at night.

Iphig. O my sweet friend !——your kindness is in
vain.——

What hosts inhabit here !——the camp how vast !
Grant ev'ry circumstance to aid our flight,
And that we gain'd yon mountains unperceiv'd,
Where could we dwell in safety ?——or how long
Abide secure from perils that environ
The fearful traveller in lon'ly ways ?
O think of robbers that frequent yon hills,
And of the wolf that roams the woods among.

Iphis. Alas, what dangers ev'ry where !——but see,
The King approaches with your royal mother.

Iphig. They come with eyes inflam'd——as from
debate,

Enter

Enter Agamemnon and Clytemnestra.

Clytem. The common weal, you say, requires it so.
For this a falshood, authoriz'd by you,
(Ye Gods!—can monarchs stoop to such deceit!)
Decoys a Princess from her native land,
And robs her parents of their house's boast:
And think you that the powers above delight
In human blood?—or ought imports to them
The siege of *Ilium*, or your fleet's delay?

Agam. I feel, like you, the anguish of a parent,
But *Jove*—my Glory—*Greece*—Necessity—
My people's call—the Soldier—and the King—
The part which I sustain—(O painful greatness!)
What can I say?—Would I had lov'd her less!
My dearest child!—[*turning to Iphigenia, and looking*
tenderly on her.

Clytem. Talk not of love,——your love to her I doubt.
Your love to me is manifest in all.
To leave me first, then rob be of my child,
Bespeaks the husband,——and the father too.
Go——sail for *Troy*, and glut your thirst of slaughter
With gasping armies on th' ensanguin'd field,
And purchase conquest with a daughter's blood.
Forfake your Queen, and in some captive's arms
Efface the mem'ry of my wrongs, and me.

Iphig. Dear Madam, cease, 'tis worse than death to
hear

These fatal words.——Alas! that I should cause
Diffention 'twixt my parents.——Oh! my father,
Mark not her phrenzy; her distracted mind
Knows not what 'tis she utters.——Heed her not.

Agam. Restrain these transports which I yet forgive
In pity to your grief.——Return to *Argos*,

There

There other children, other cares await you.
Return at length,——you but perplex me here.

Clytem. Here will I stay, immoveable from hence.
Like *Niobe* I'll shield my wretched offspring,
And guard her life at hazard of my own.

Enter Menelaus.

Menel. Alas! my brother, what can I attempt
To speak, and not incense your troubled mind
At sight of me, and ought that I shall utter.
Yet, Oh! my friends, the thought of what you suffer
O'erwhelms my heart with sorrow like your own.

Iphig. How fares my uncle since his coming hither,
After the tossing of the boist'rous main?

Menel. Better, my love, if so the Gods had will'd,
That we encounter'd any where than here!

The damsel greets me with accustom'd goodness.

Sister——

Clytem. Away,——thou foe to all thy kin,
Speak not to me,——thou com'st perhaps from *Chalcas*
To chide her tarrying, and to fetch her hence.

Menel. We soon shall sail for *Ilion*; and mean-while
The King is ev'ry moment claim'd by business——

Therefore, perhaps, 'twere best that you depart.

The noisy camp is not a scene for you.

Clytem. I will depart most willingly this hour.

By *Juno*, Yes.——My daughter in my hand,

I'll haste away, nor cast a look behind.

A short farewell will please my husband best.

When I arrive at *Argos*, I will build

A temple all of marble to *Diana*,

To expiate this offence. Mean-while, Farewell.

Agam.

Agam. Alas !——that I am still compell'd to say,
The Gods require her here.

Clytem. Thou cruel man !
The dire example of your ancestors,
(Whose barb'rous banquets, smoak'd with human flesh
Of their own babes, serv'd up to their own fire)
Impell'd your heart to this unnat'ral act :
The sun turn'd back, and darkness at mid-day
Usurp'd the skies in horror of the deed.
Mankind no less shall be amaz'd at you,
And prodigies will fright the world once more.

Agam. What prodigy can match a furious woman ?
That impious deed arose from woman's guilt ;
Revenge inspir'd it, and adult'ry caus'd.
Unsummon'd, as unwish'd, you hither came.

Iphig. My dearest mother, calm your bursting heart,
And leave me to my lot——
To my hard destiny, that wills it so.
Let me not live to spread disunion here
Between you two——To see your looks estrang'd,
Where all was concord once, till now for me,
Alas ! for me, this cruel strife arose.

Clytem. And can I tamely lose thee ?——O, my child !
Shall I not strive to save thee ?——See, thy father,
Thy father turns away,——he hears us not.
'Tis I alone can aid thee,——I alone
Who love thee like a parent.

Agam. Think you then
I do not wish to save her ? O ye pow'rs !
That read our secret souls, be witnesses
How much I love her !

Iphig.

Iphig. [turning towards Agamemnon] O! my King, my
Father!

You're my disposer——hear me yet a little.

And you, my mother too,

Let me request your patience, whilst I speak

What in my mind seems best——

Clytem. Say on, my child.

Iphig. My Father!————Oh! I cannot see you
weep.

Behold me, Sir, resign'd then to your will,

If 'tis your will to yield me to the Gods.

I fear not death, whose stroke must come at last,

Pass but some fleeting years——and now I go

In triumph to my end——think of my fame;

In future days the Virgins shall assemble

With songs of praise, and scatter o'er my tomb

The choicest flow'rs in mem'ry of my youth.

My beauty too I bear with me unchang'd,

E're with'ring time, or sickness shall have pow'r

To make me shun the mirror that reflects,

To daily view, what memory disowns.

Menel. [aside] She moves my secret soul——sweet
moralist!

Proceed, young maid; or is your lesson ended?

Sure nought on earth can hurt thee——

I would the Priest were here, thy words might pierce

His old, obdurate heart, and move compassion.

Iphig. [proceeding] And if, as some report, the spark
within

Outlasts our sojourn here, and mounts on high,

Whilst all the body's worth dissolves to nothing,

E

The

The Gods will sure receive me to their dwellings,
Since I'm too young for guilt.

Menel.

My brother, Oh!

I can no longer bear this cruel scene.

Your stiff'd sighs, the Queen's distracting grief,

And the dear maiden's meekness melt me quite.

Would I had ne'er proclaim'd my wrongs aloud,

Nor mov'd the pow'r's of *Greece* in my behalf,

But silent wept in secret o'er my loss!

My Brother, hear me; Sister, frown not on me;

My mind is chang'd, I cannot see these things,

Nor suffer innocence like her's to die.

Regard my words awhile——and she shall live.

Agam. I understand you not——unfold your meaning.

Menel. My quarrel drew your numerous forces hither.

A thousand vessels plough'd the sea for this;

And monarchs arm'd, and nations met at *Aulis*.

'Tis I that counsel now your going hence.

Clytem. Speaks he in earnest?——hear him, O,
my Lord,

Approach him, clasp him, list to all he utters.

O my dear child, I'll hang upon a straw

That hope administers——Say on, dear Brother.

Menel. I will lead back my *Spartans* to their homes,

Forget my wrongs, forego my just revenge;

Therefore declare my purpose to the *Greeks*,

Nor longer urge a war in my behalf,

Hateful to heav'n, and ruinous to man;

Since signs and omens from above declare

That *Jove* himself forbids the fall of *Troy*.

Agam. You speak our miseries, you breathe my wishes.

But

But when the Kings assemble to debate,
 And you disclose to them your peaceful offers,
 Will *Ajax*———or *Idomeneus*———
 Or will *Achilles* listen to the voice
 Of peace with *Troy*?

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Nor can the greedy vulgar be turn'd back,
 When hopes of plunder, and of *Asia's* wealth
 Already picture to them *Ilion* fall'n.
 Desire of conquest and the lust of gold
 Inflame alike the soldier and commander.
 Shall I relinquish too this glorious war,
 Nor lead my *Grecians* to the gates of *Troy*,
 Which I had vow'd to raze from her foundations?
 To share the spoils among my gallant troops,
 And all that race extirpate from the earth——
 Honour and shame forbid me to retreat.
 Alas!———my Daughter!

Clytem. Wherefore were you nam'd
 King of a hundred Kings who sail'd for *Aulis*!
 Summon the Princes, and make known your will,
 As *Menelaus* counsels——be no more
 The slave of *Mars* to slaughter human kind,
 And desolate the land;
 But in *Mycenæ* study peaceful arts,
 With useful trade promote your people's good,
 Instruct our youth, and civilize the many,
 By knowledge, commerce, justice, and religion,
 Beyond the neighb'ring states, and vie with *Egypt*.

Meantime yourself at home belov'd, rever'd,
 The Father and the Shepherd of your people,
 And blest in dear domestick happiness,
 Shall see your children's children round your table,
 Like fruitful olives near their parent-plant,
 While we grow old together——
 My pride, my pleasure, but to know your will,
 And testify my love by prompt obedience.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

My Lord, my Lord, slight not my earnest pray'rs—
 Harken to nature's dictates——heed these tears.

Agam. My heart goes with you——Aye; my soul
 pleads for her.

I would give all to save her, but mine honour.
 Brother, at *Nestor's* tent I'll wait your coming,
 And then convene the *Greeks*. [He is going out.]

Iphig. My Father!——Oh!

Agam. My child what wouldst thou?

Iphig. Yet before you leave us,
 Oh! let me join these hands in amity,
 And wonted love once more!——
 Who knows what next may come, or what new turn
 Of fate?——Or if I e'er again shall see you?

[She leads her mother up to Agamemnon.]

Clytem. My Lord! my husband!
 Can you receive me thus?——I merit not
 Your goodness——but for her——for her
 dear sake.

Agam. My *Clytemnestra*, think our daughter lives,
 And let that dry thy tears——My dearest child,
 Farewell!

Farewell ! Abide with safety in this tent.

Meantime—————

Clytem. We'll here expect th' event of things,
And these blest counsels which the Gods inspire.

[*Exeunt the ladies into the tent; Agamemnon and
Menelaus go off the stage together.*]

END of ACT the Third.

A C T IV.

SCENE *lies among the Tents.*

*Enter Patroclus, and to him Ulysses comes out from the
nearest tent.*

Patro. ULYSSES, Where's the King ?

Ulyss. He's in yon tent

In conference with *Nestor*————— Why this haste ?

Patro. A messenger from *Troy* demands admision.

Ulyss. Comes he alone ?——— Or with a train ?——
From whence ?

Across the mountains, or arriv'd he hither
With oars slow moving o'er the liquid waste ?

Patro. He seems no vulgar chief : his slaves around,
As for a traveller's defence, bore weapons :

His

His steeds at distance, white as Hæmus' snows,
 With flowing manes, and rich caparisons;
 And his proud chariot shone with plates of silver.
 Northward, as if from *Thrace*, I've learnt he comes;
 His name's *Idæus*——at our furthest gate
 I stopp'd his progress, e'er he pass'd the trench.
 And now he halts upon yon hill awhile,
 Till *Agamemnon's* will be known.

Ulyss.

Behold

Our sov'reign's here.

Enter Agamemnon.

My friends, what would you say?

Patro. Will you receive a stranger that's arriv'd,
 And asks an audience of you?

Agam.

Let him speak

His message in full hearing of the *Greeks*:

Conduct him hither——

[*Exit Patroclus.*

*Enter Achilles, Menelaus, and several others, (who may be
 considered as Mutæ Personæ of the Drama) and after
 them Patroclus with Idæus.*

Patro. Behold, great Sir, th' ambassador of *Priam*;
 His temples bound with olive——
 And followers bearing gifts
 Proclaim his peaceful errand.

Enter Idæus.

Idæus.

Priam greets you;

And this he bids me say——

——We love fair peace,
 And wish to stop the headlong fury war.
 For this alone we sue.

Agam.

Trojan, proceed.

Idæus. To ev'ry prince a talent of pure gold,

A

A car with horses of the *Thracian* breed,
 I bring with me———but to the Brother-Kings
 Of *Atreus*' race———

Agam. Dispense your gifts abroad,
 To fetch from far that aid you want at home.
 Summon the barb'rous nations of the East,
 Whose dusk complexions, and new mode of fighting
 With weapons strange, and gestures as uncouth,
 May cause, perhaps, our wonder, not our fear.

Idæus. You will not hear me then.

Agam. Bear back thy gold.
 But if thy monarch means a just amends,
 By speedy restitution to my brother,
 We'll hear thee willingly———and talk of peace:

Idæus. The wealth from *Sparta* shall be render'd back
 With ample restitution———and moreover———

Menel. Be she restor'd, for whom we wage the war.

Idæus. She will not part from *Paris*——nor from her
 Can he be sunder'd——and for this, I fear,
 Themselves will rue———and many more with them!

Agam. We'll hear no more. Then here the parley ends.
 Conduct him hence, *Ulysses*.

Achil. As he passes,
 Let him behold our numbers as the sand
 Along the shore——let him report our coming
 Like to the blast that sweeps th' *Icarian* shore,
 To burst your gates asunder, if of brass.

Idæus. Those gates withstood *Alcides*——and our men,
 With show'rs of darts, rain'd on the foe from high,
 Repuls'd *Jove's* son, till famine made them yield.
 But *Ilion* now, instructed by defeat,
 With huge round tow'rs, that lift their heads to heav'n,
 And rocky bulwarks, stretching o'er the plain,

Our

Our *Asia's* glory, Queen of cities strong,
 Defies your armies, and the threats of *Greece*.
 Chariots and horses, spearmen at each pass,
 And *Hector*——is himself a host.

Achil.

With him,

Let us once meet, I'll end the war at once.

Idæus. Strong as thou art, a hand may reach thee still.
 Consult for this with *Chalchas*, and be warn'd.
 We want not prophets, nor divining arts
 To sooth our hopes, and raise our minds to conquest.
 For holy *Phæbus* sings at *Chrysa's* shrine,
 "Though *Xanthus'* streams be choak'd with heaps of
 slaughter,
 "And *Silver Simois* run red with blood,
 "Despair not yet, ye *Trojans*."
 Long years of toil remain, alas! for both——
 But fate reveals no more——nor *Helenus*
 Declares the rest —— the rest is hid from all.
 But sail from *Aulis*, *Greeks*,
 Before too much you triumph o'er the vanquish'd.
 The winds, as yet, deny your sailing hence.——
 The Gods declare for *Troy*.

Agam.

The Gods are all

Against injustice, piracy, and robbers.

Idæus. Have you forgot *Hesper* borne off
 By *Grecian* rovers?

Agam.

If she's living yet,

She strait shall be restor'd.

Idæus.

Thanks to your justice!

We lack not an old woman in our state;
 And in a siege she may be chargeable:
 But my commission touches not on this,

The

The which, and other points, of still more moment,
You may discuss with *Hector* on your landing.

Till when farewell.

[*Exit.*

Achil.

I counsel that you stop

The boaster in his way. Let him in chains

Attend our progress, and be set on shore

To give the notice of our first arrival.

Patro. His office, character, and all things speak

Against such violence: Nor can you blame

The freedom of his speech, if by your own

You measure his deportment.

Agam. The thoughts of reconciliation now are ended:

Yon haughty town, or we must learn submission.

Kings, Princes, countrymen, say what remains?

Menel. Hear what now rises to my mind as best.

Since angry heav'n forbids our fleet to sail,

Let us, my friends, if you approve my counsel,

Annoy the *Thracians*, *Priam's* fastest friends;

Dispatch for this a troop of hardy *Greeks*

To sack their cities, bear away their wealth,

Their wives make captives, and their children slaves,

And thus repay the wrongs we have sustain'd.

Achil. First as I speak, let me obtain permission

To lead this gallant enterprize——my Lord.

Menel. And since for me this fatal war arose,

Chief let me share the dangers and the toil.

Patro. I crave to follow where my friend shall go.

With him I came.

Achil.

Patroclus, here remain.

My best *Patroclus*, in my absence stay,

Attend, and guard the Princess in yon tent.

But now let lots, or *Agamemnon's* will

Appoint my comrades, ~~and~~ to-morrow's dawn

A F

+ Be to
Our =
= dawn

Our time of going——King of men, dispatch,
We wait your orders, and we burn for action.

Ulyss. Yet ere you rush into this rash adventure,
Let me with *Diomed* go forth, and first
Explore the place, the people, and their force,
Their towns if wealthy, and if worth a conquest.

Achil. For fame I travel, not in quest of spoils.
Go thou with us, or stay, and guard the fleet.

Ulyss. These sudden schemes, and ill-digested counsels
May prove the ruin of our main design.
And should ill hap befall your enterprize,
Our strength diminish'd, and *Achilles* lost,
Forbid it *Jove*! —— forbid it all ye Gods!
What hopes of conquest in the field of *Troy*?

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* * * * *
* * * * *

Know you the length and dangers of the way,
Fens, bogs, oft woods impenetrable deem'd,
Mountains and lakes, and rivers of vast depth,
Obstruct the soldiers' march through lands unknown,
Where food may fail, and valour profit nought.

Achil. These doubts, these dangers, which your fear
suggests,

Excite my wishes, and inflame my soul.
Art shall surmount what nature has oppos'd.
With fire and steel we'll form a passage through
Those woods, those rocks, and bridge the streams across.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Glory and Praise, by deathless deeds my due,
Shall crowd my actions, if my days be few:

At

At life's short space no longer I repine,
Immortal fame will make the future mine.

[Exit with Patroclus.]

Ulyss. Pursue thy phantom, boy, while we consult
Our country's welfare, and a brave revenge.

Agam. You blame the measure then which points a way
To stab at faithless *Priam* in a part,
As vital as at *Troy*——but speak *Ulysses*.

Ulyss. My counsel is to pour the troops on *Ilion*,
And not divide our strength.

Agam. Can I controul
The will of fate——command the winds to blow,
Or wing our vessels hence without a breeze?

Ulyss. Yes, heav'n has shown the means——has told its
will,

If *Chalchas* merits faith——you thought so too,
When I arriv'd this morning in the camp.
Had I engag'd, like you, in this assembly,
Were I the Sov'reign of the *Greeks*, as you,
I'd fetch from *Ithaca* my young *Telemachus*,
My only boy——and throw him thus among you.

Agam. I understand you well. Call *Calchas* hither,
Sir, you shall have your victim——O my child!
But say, ungrateful *Greeks*, have I refus'd
Ought to my country's claim?——Is she not here,
And waiting like a lamb the sacrifice?
Sweet maid! but now I hop'd that thou might'st 'scape!
Alas! for this I listen'd to the *Trojan*.

For this, as vainly join'd in projects wild
To gain delays——and thought some way to save thee!
Take then my heart's best blood——for *Greece* I give it.

[He sits down and covers his face with his robe.]

What means that shout?——yet tell me not, alas!

Perhaps 'tis o'er——the bloody priest has slain her.

[*Shouts again, and a cry from the soldiers, "a wind, a wind."*]

Enter Patroclus.

Patro. Joy, joy I bring to all, but chief to thee,
My King; for know, the Goddess is appeas'd.
Your daughter's life is granted to your pray'rs.
A wind is granted too without her blood.

Agam. Anon, we'll go——prepare the fleet for
sailing.

Patro. I see you doubt me, but again I say
Your daughter lives, and may she bless you long!
My Prince, look up, refuse me not your hand.
Chalchas approaches, hear from him the truth.
I flew to bless your heart with the glad tidings.

Agam. O good *Patroclus*, may I yet believe you?

Enter Chalchas, Ulysses, and other Greeks.

Chal. O King, the pow'rs, well pleas'd with thy obedience,

Have spar'd thy daughter's life; but in return
For this great lenity, her future days
Must all be spent in service of *Diana*.

Agam. Most willingly I yield her to *Diana*.
Let her escape from an abhorred death,
And she shall dwell immur'd within the temple,
And waste in vow'd virginity her youth——
Meantime to expiate the past offence,
Accept the choicest firflings of our flocks.
Be witness too, whene'er our arms prevail,
And conquer'd *Ilion*, stoops beneath my lance,
Of *Priam's* captur'd house I vow the spoils,
The curious ornaments, the secret wealth,
An offering to your Goddess——

But

But say, interpreter of Gods and men,
Whence sprung this blessed change? ——— and by what
means

To thee, by dreams or oracles, made known?

Chal. I will reveal heav'n's manifest design.

As late I watch'd the holy shrine, and lay

On skins of victims slain, beneath the altar*,

Till sleep fell on me like a sudden trance,

(For so the Gods oft times make known their will)

Methought a falcon chas'd a milk-white dove,

That suddenly took refuge in my bosom ———

Regardless of the suppliant, I took

And laid the trembling bird upon the altar;

But as I rais'd my knife to shed its blood,

My Queen refus'd her offering with a smile,

And gave the little pris'ner life and freedom.

Awhile I mus'd on what the vision meant ———

When lo' your daughter in the temple stood,

With chearful air, and minister'd beside me;

One hand a basket held with fragrant flow'rs,

And one the incense for our sacred rites.

The dove, meanwhile, pursu'd its airy flight

Towards the North, far as my eye could follow.

Agam. What may this mean?

Chal. The vision has its meaning.

But strait prepare your sacrifice, ye *Greeks*,

In smoaking *Hecatombs* along the shore:

And you, O King, far hence your daughter send,

To climes remote, (for so the Gods ordain)

Where stands the worshipp'd image of *Diana*,

In her fam'd temple, famous in all lands ———

The city *Tauris* nam'd ——— of royal blood ———

Her

* *Æneid* the 7th. *Pellibus incubuit caeteris stirps.*

Her priestess there deceas'd, *Diana* calls
Your *Iphigenia* to that sacred office.*

Agam.

* *Ovid*, in one of his *Epistles* from *Pontus*, Book the Third, written in his exile, which was at a place situated in the neighbourhood of *Tauris*, speaks of a tradition among the people of that country, concerning *Iphigenia's* having formerly officiated as a Priestess in the temple of *Diana*, and which he describes as then remaining.

"Elt locus in *Schythia*, (*Tauros* dixere priores)

"Qui *Getica* longe non ita distat humo.

* * * * *

"Consortem *Phæbi* gens colit illa Deam.

"Templa manent hodie vallis innixa columnis :

"Perque quater denos itur in illa gradus.

* * * * *

* * * * *

"Araque, quæ fuerat natura candida faxi,

"Decolor adfuso tincta cruore rubet.

"Fœmina sacra facit, tædæ non nota jugali :

"Quæ superat *Scythicas* nobilitate nurus."

More credit is due to what he relates upon this matter, because it is said at a time when he seems to have abandoned fiction, and when his muse seemed to have aimed at little more than complaints, or descriptions of the unfortunate spot where he was doom'd to reside. The modern reader, I dare say, will allow the probability of *Iphigenia's* arrival at *Tauris* in the common way of travelling, instead of her being wafted there thro' the skies by the Goddess who remitted the sacrifice.

In regard to the proposal itself of sacrificing this Royal Virgin at *Aulis*, since *Homer*, the great fountain of intelligence in every circumstance which relates to the *Trojan* war, I say, since he has in no one passage, either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssy*, directly mentioned the

Agam. All shall be ordered as yourself directs.
To-morrow's sun shall shine on her departure.

Chal. So may your vessels fail before the wind,
And happiest Omens show the fall of *Troy*!

Exeunt omnes.

the demanded sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, the fact itself has with some reason been questioned: Yet, in the beginning of the *Iliad*, *Agamemnon*, in his reproaches to *Chalchas*, seems to hint at some former cause of enmity between them, and employs three lines to this purpose.

Homer also says nothing about the sacrifice of *Polyxena*, which furnished so fine a subject to *Euripides* for another Tragedy.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

TIR'D with my long heroick part I come,
Escap'd from *Chalchas*, and a cloister's gloom :
I live, am free, no more I wish to die,
Much less to freeze beneath a Northern sky.
Young, and a Princess, and a beauty too,
I'm not dispos'd to bid the world adieu.
My spark a soldier, and a lad of spirit,
(Which in all climates girls have thought a merit)
Yet I so duteous lately in the play,
Declin'd his love my father to obey :
A Patriot too, the foremost of them all,
Prepar'd to bleed at my dear country's call ;
For just that day no breath of wind would blow,
And one dead calm sat on the waves below :
Though Mackrill season, all was hazy weather,
And men of war and lighters rode together, }
Fix'd in the port of *Aulis*——as for ever.
Soldiers and sailors on the decks were stow'd,
And chief *Achilles* with impatience glow'd.
Well——but my lover——(since I've mention'd
him)

Of all mad nonsense, what's the writer's whim
To bring the fam'd *Achilles* forth to view,
The mighty chief who thund'ring *Hector* slew ?
To raise our hopes of heav'n and earth engag'd,
And Gods descending where the battle rag'd——
Of all the *Iliad* in our scene display'd !——
When strait at once the blust'ring storm was laid.

You,

You saw this hero then insult papa,
 Bully the priest, be rude to my mamma——
 To me, indeed, who never meant offence,
 The man was civil——there he show'd his sense.
 The plot unravell'd, our *Achilles* then,
 When wanted most, had flunk behind the scene.
 When my long route was settled by the priest,
 To sail for *Tauris* as a nun profess,
 "Can I forget what tears that moment fell,
 "When warm in youth I bade the world farewell *!"
 As I stood shiv'ring by the vessel's side,
 Just on the sands, and waiting for the tide,
 The time was then to show the lover's care,
 And hand me out, and speak of his despair——
 I might have paus'd——forgot my vestal calls,
 And fought with Aunt my shelter in *Troy* walls.
 The fleet wind-bound had been at *Aulis* still,
 And *Homer* wanted subject for his quill.

* See Pope's Epistle of *Eloisa* to *Abelard* for these two lines.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 13, Line 26, for *Enter Agamemnon and Ulysses*, read *Exeunt Agamemnon and Ulysses*.

P. 17, L. 21. for *my husband*, read *this husband*.

THE EPILOGUE

You saw this poem then in last page,
 Bully the priest, he rode to my manna—
 To me, indeed, who never means offence,
 The man was civil—there he show'd his sense.
 The plot unravel'd, our Abbots then,
 When wanted most, had sunk behind the scene.
 When my long route was tell'd by the priest,
 To fall for Yarrow as a man priest,
 "Can I forget what scene that moment tell,
 "When warm in youth I bade the world farewell?"
 As I stood thirving by the vessel's side,
 Just on the sands, and waiting for the tide,
 The time was then to show the lover's care,
 And hand me out, and speak of his despair—
 I might have said—forgot my vessel calls,
 And sought with Aunt my shelter in Yarrow walls.
 The first wind-bow had been at that still,
 And Yarrow wanted sailing for his will.

* See Pope's Epistle of Eliza to Richard for these two lines.

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Page 12, line 26, for "Aunt Agnes" read "Aunt
 Agnes" and "Aunt"
 P. 12, l. 27, for "my husband" read "his husband."

